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THE JOURNAL

OF THE LATE

REV. GEORGE MILWARD,

FORMERLY A STUDENT IN THE CHURCH MISSIONARY
INSTITUTION AT ISLINGTON,

CONNECTED WITH

A SHORT NOTICE OF HIS LIFE.

///

BY HENRY HIGGINSON, A.M.

CHAPLAIN TO THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, AND MINISTER
OF POPLAR CHAPEL.



"Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."—1 Kings viii. 18.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE deep tone of piety which pervades the following Journal, has induced a friend of the Author to superintend its publication, interspersed with such facts and observations as may further illustrate the character of the deceased writer, and form a memoir of his short but holy life. Whilst the ensuing pages will naturally be perused with interest by those who were acquainted with the late Mr. Milward, they may, with the Divine blessing, prove more generally useful, suggesting various topics for self-examination, and impressing upon the youthful mind the importance of that duty so emphatically en-

joined by the Psalmist—"Commune with thine own heart." It has likewise occurred to the Editor, that the Diary which he has prefaced may be read with advantage by some who have begun to experience that conflict in the soul to which they were strangers in an unrenowned state, since they will, when contemplating the Christian in his hours of retirement, observe, that "the same afflictions" by which they are themselves exercised, have been "accomplished" in one who walked most closely with his God. Such comparison will encourage the harassed and dejected children of God to pursue their course with faith and hope; if occasionally constrained by the pressure of temptation, to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death," yet patiently to wait at the throne of grace till they can joyfully reply—"I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

JOURNAL, &c.

GEORGE MILWARD was born in Lambeth on the 28th of April, 1808, and having been, from peculiar circumstances, deprived of the attention of both his parents at the tender age of three weeks, was consigned to the care of a pious female, by whose name he was thenceforth called, to whom he was indebted for the elements of Christian instruction, and whose maternal solicitude he returned with the affectionate obedience of a son.

The occupation of Mrs. Milward's husband having induced him to remove his family to Poplar, the subject of this Memoir was, at the age of ten years, placed in the

national school of that parish, where he conducted himself with great propriety, and eagerly embraced every opportunity of acquiring information. He was often observed reading the Scriptures when his schoolfellows were engaged in play, and amidst their occasional differences and disputes he frequently interposed in the amiable office of peacemaker. So great was his regard for those from whom he received instruction, that he was for a time inconsolable at the departure of the master under whose charge he had been originally placed, and to the latest period of his life he evinced his attachment to the present respected master of the Poplar national school.

On leaving that institution, in the year 1822, George Milward was apprenticed to a cooper, in the establishment of Messrs. Steward, at Blackwall, from whence he removed, in 1831, to the brewery of Messrs. Truman and Co., in whose service he remained, in the capacity of clerk, till he entered the Church Missionary Institution at

Islington. His invariable good conduct and integrity obtained the confidence of his employers, whilst his kindness and consistency were duly appreciated by many of his fellow-workmen, and in some degree disarmed the ridicule of those who differed from him in opinion, when his religious views became clear, and his Christian profession and walk consequently bold and decided.

It was in the spring of 1825, when he had nearly completed his seventeenth year, that it pleased God to vouchsafe to George Milward a more perfect knowledge of those truths to which he had hitherto given merely a general assent. A sermon preached from the 23rd chapter of Jeremiah and the 6th verse, was the means which the Lord blessed to convince him of man's lost condition, and direct him to that "righteousness," "which is unto all, and upon all them that believe." The seed which had been sown in early youth was then opened by the heavenly dew of the Holy Spirit, the prayers of his dearest earthly friend were indeed answered, and unreservedly

receiving "THE LORD" as his "RIGHTeousNESS," he acknowledged that he was "bought with a price," by thenceforth living to the glory of His name. His religious views are expressed with so much clearness, in a manuscript found among his papers, that they may not be inappropriately inserted here.

"In my opinion, the leading doctrines of the Holy Scriptures are comprised in the following three general divisions. First, that man by nature is in a state of enmity against God; that God is not in all his thoughts, and that he does not desire a knowledge of his ways; that he is corrupt in his nature, and as such, in a state of guilt and condemnation. Secondly, that man can only be restored to the favour of God, by the exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; that this faith is the free gift of God, produced in the heart solely by the operation of God the Holy Spirit, not bestowed on man through merit, but entirely the result of God's free and sovereign favour. Thirdly, that the doctrine of complete justification,

through an interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, though it lays man prostrate at the footstool of Divine mercy, and leads him to disclaim all grounds for his acceptance on account of merit, yet ensures the practice of every good word and work, by producing through the regenerating power of God the Holy Spirit, an entire change of heart and life, a desire of conformity to the image of that Saviour, whose love to him has been so great, and through the constraining influence of whose Spirit he now 'lives no longer unto himself, but unto Him which died for him, and rose again.' As far as I am acquainted with the feelings of my own heart, I think I have been led, by Divine teaching, to experience the power of the foregoing truths on my soul; and although sensible of much imperfection, and sometimes fearing lest my spots should not be 'the spots of God's children,' yet I think I can with perfect sincerity, and in the presence of God, who knows my heart, say—'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

As it is far from the desire of the Editor to attach undue importance to the character of the deceased, he has carefully abstained from entering into the details of his private life, respecting which it may be merely remarked, that from the period in 1825, already referred to, he “adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.” A portion of every day was from that time set apart by George Milward for the prayerful study of the Scriptures, whilst on the Sabbath he was enabled, as a teacher in a Sunday-school, to communicate to the children in his class that religious instruction which is gratefully remembered by many who were committed to his charge.

The subject of missions frequently formed a prominent part of his conversations with Christian friends, to some of whom he eventually imparted his desire to devote himself to that sacred cause. Having for several months examined his motives with fervent prayer for divine guidance, he was, in the summer of 1831, encouraged to offer his ser-

vices to the Church Missionary Society. The following statement gives a lively description of his feelings at that season.

“ I cannot now precisely state what first led me to desire missionary employment, but, according to the best of my recollection, such desire arose whilst I was engaged in a Sabbath school, directing the youthful mind to the Lord Jesus, as the only Saviour of lost sinners. Being frequently led to remind my scholars of the greatness of their privileges, while so many thousand children were destitute of the means of religious instruction, my own mind became gradually impressed with the miserable condition of the heathen. I was induced to reflect on the millions that were perishing, and the fewness of the labourers in the missionary field, and many a time have I supplicated God to increase their number. Whilst reading the communications of the missionary I seemed to sympathize with him in all his cares. I have rejoiced when he rejoiced, have wept when he wept. I rejoiced when I read that the

Lord had owned and blessed his labours, I wept at the recital of his discouragements, and when I have noticed the earnest calls for assistance, which the missionaries have often made, that labourers were removed from their posts by sickness and by death, and that stations were destitute of teachers, such intelligence has sometimes forced me to exclaim, 'Here am I, Lord, send me.' This feeling increased at last into a desire, and I seemed only to live to be employed in the work. Sleeping or waking, in business or retirement, the subject was ever present to my thoughts. At length, after several months' consideration, and earnest prayer for direction, I was led, by the advice of some respected friends, to offer my humble services to the Church Missionary Society, and, as far as I am acquainted with my own motives, they are of that nature which induce me to go forth in this holy work with full assurance of the presence and blessing of my Redeemer, whose glory in the salvation of sinners I am desirous to promote, being

willing to make every sacrifice, and to endure every hardship, counting it all joy to be thought worthy to labour or suffer in a cause so heavenly."

It was in this becoming frame of mind that George Milward entered the Church Missionary Institution, on the 10th of February, 1832, and in the month of August commenced that Journal, from which copious extracts will now be made. Many of the author's sentiments may be deemed gloomy by those who are ignorant of the corruption of the heart, but the believer will in almost every page recognise much of his own experience, and perceive how greatly the recorded struggles tended to promote that growth in grace which is the evidence of the sinner's justification. An observation of the biographer of Henry Martyn may not be inapplicable to the character of him to whose secret chamber the reader is about to be admitted. "The communion which he had with his God, and which caused his face to shine, was ever tempered, like the patriarchs of old,

with the utmost reverence, and the nearer the access with which he was favoured, the more deeply did he feel that he was but dust and ashes."

The Journal was prefaced by a short quotation from Foster's Essays; and commences with the following prayer.

"O Thou who searchest the hearts and triest the reins of the children of men, assist me by thy gracious Spirit to record the leadings of thy Providence and the blessings of thy Grace. May He continually guide me into all truth, so that I may not be permitted to insert any thing but what I have seen, tasted, and handled, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be or heareth of me. Blessed Jesus! suffer me not to believe every spirit, but enable me to try the spirits, and see whether they be of God, and to thy name with the Father and the Holy Ghost shall all praise and glory be given. Amen."

August 9th, 1832.

I have now been resident in the institution six months, and I purpose, in future, to keep an account of the daily exercises of my mind on those matters which concern me as a private Christian, and also as a candidate for missionary employment ; but I would charge myself, in the presence of my God and Saviour, to observe a strict and constant adherence to truth. One great evil, in connexion with keeping diaries is, that we are liable to write as if they were to be submitted for public approval, so that, instead of being records of things as they are, they become narratives of things as they ought to be, and we are seldom so honest as to make a distinction. May God preserve me from this sin for Christ's sake. Amen.

The state of my mind this day has been a mixture of cloud and sunshine. Why should it be so, for with God is no darkness at all? "Your sins have separated

between you and your God," says the prophet. I fear I have cherished this day a secular spirit, and have not "set the Lord always before me." This is the cause of my mind being so unstable, my thoughts so corrupt and wandering, and my affections so confined to earth and earthly objects. Blessed Spirit, quicken my soul ; O merciful Saviour, suffer me not to live so far from thee, but restore unto me the comfort of thy help again, that I may be glad and rejoice in the light of thy countenance. Make me more watchful, more prayerful, and more zealous ; let me see more of my own character, and suffer me not to deceive myself any longer. Amen.

August 10th.

The state of my mind much the same as yesterday. I seem like a man deprived of all power, both of body and mind, yet sensible of surrounding objects. I see clearly the whole plan of a sinner's salvation, and have a good hope, through grace, of my own

safety, yet my faith seems lifeless. I see the zeal and devotedness which should distinguish the servant of God, yet am unable often to speak a word for God, or to testify the necessity of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. I want that complete renewal of heart which lifts the affections above the influence of earthly things, which leads to the entire renunciation of self, and causes the soul to lie passive in the hands of God; that state of holy dependence and devout longing to glorify God in which the Psalmist exclaimed—"I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." O blessed Jesus, I am thine! body, soul, and spirit I have given unto thee, thou hast bought me by thine own most precious blood. O quicken me in thy way, kindle a flame of holy love in my heart that may consume my indwelling corruptions, produce an entire conformity to thine own image, and a diligent imitation of that bright example which thou hast left me to follow.

Do this for thine own name's sake. Amen.

Heard this evening of the death of brother Rogers of Sierra Leone, and felt a deep solemnity pervade my mind, as I thought it not improbable that I might be called upon to fill the vacant station, one calculated to awaken painful feelings in the soul; one brother having fallen from his integrity, and his successor only surviving four months. Flesh and blood turn from the prospect, but faith looks beyond it. I felt much enlargement at the throne of grace, put myself entirely under divine direction, and was enabled to resign myself and my concerns to the kind protection of my heavenly Father. O the blessedness of having no other will but God's! Where he appoints, I go; being not only willing to suffer but also to die, if by my death God will be glorified. So impressed was my mind that with strong crying and tears I besought God to fit and prepare me for immediate service. I prayed earnestly for sanctification of spirit and spirituality of affections; I saw that nothing earthly could yield comfort, and wanted to be dead to the

world that I might live unto Christ. I felt as though the time of departure was at hand and committed my friends and relatives to God, whom I earnestly besought to have mercy on those who are still wandering on the dark mountains. May God turn their hearts, may his Holy Spirit strike their consciences, and subdue them to the obedience of the truth. Amen.

August 11th.

Another week has passed, O my soul, and thou art so much nearer thy journey's end. What if this night thou shouldst be called to depart! what is the ground of thy confidence and what is thy hope? Canst thou say, Surely my hope and my confidence are in God? On what else canst thou rest thy confidence but on that sure foundation which God has laid in Zion? and in whom canst thou hope but in God, whose promise, confirmed by an oath, is thine anchor? an anchor "which entereth into that within the veil, whither thy forerunner is for thee entered,

even Jesus." O exalted Saviour! the only hope set before poor sinners, look upon me, purify me from the pollutions which by sin I have contracted, and sanctify me wholly by the gracious influences of thy Holy Spirit; subdue my corruptions and fix my affections, pardon my wanderings and forgive my sin, for thine own name's sake. Amen.

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above."

"My soul, wait thou *only* upon God, for my expectation is from him. He only is my rock and my salvation. He is my defence, I shall not be moved."

August 12th.

I have experienced much anxiety of mind this day, though not of a very painful description, but of that kind which is the result of having the expectation raised, and having to call patience into exercise by the object being placed beyond immediate attainment.

The general frame of my mind much the same as yesterday ; I thought nearly all day of Sierra Leone. May God prepare me for a removal. I seemed to feel more severed from the world than for some time past. May I die unto the world daily. Gracious Saviour, renovate my spirit for thy name's sake. Amen.

August 13th.

“O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?” is fit language for one who sees the spirituality of God's law and feels the corruption and depravity of his own heart ; one who is unable, by reason of the burden of sin which he carries about with him, to rise above the things of time and sense by which he is surrounded. Painful is the exercise of the soul when the spirit is willing, but the flesh weak ; not dissimilar to the feelings of a man parched with thirst who, when water is held near his mouth, finds himself so bound down to the ground that he cannot drink ; so the tempted

believer is sensible of his wants, sees the fullness treasured up in the Saviour, but is unable to stretch forth the hand through the weakness of faith and the burden of sin, which almost make him despair of deliverance.

August 14th.

I endeavoured this day to realize the glorious and gracious promise that "sin shall not have dominion over you." This I found, on a little reflection, had been fulfilled more frequently in my experience than I had at first expected. O that I could place more implicit confidence in my heavenly Father! How cheering in the hour of temptation to know and to believe that "God will not suffer" us "to be tempted above that" we "are able, but will, with the temptation also make a way to escape." Instead of standing to parley with the tempter, as we sometimes do, and which not unfrequently ends in a compromise, we should boldly resist him, and if necessary fight our way through all obstacles, feeling this to be a season when we

are called upon to quit ourselves like men, and a time when we may expect special grace to assist and strengthen us for the contest. O merciful Father, grant that the recollection of the deliverances thou hast wrought for me in times past, may encourage me to hope that in future trials thou wilt stand by me and succour me, so that I may come off more than conqueror over my own corrupt heart and its depraved appetites, a wicked and alluring world, and the subtle designs of my great adversary, through Jesus Christ my adorable Redeemer, and the gracious influences of the blessed Spirit. Amen.

August 18th.

Another week has passed, and on looking back how much has been done that I could wish undone, and how much has been neglected which ought to have been done! How many thoughts, words, and deeds have been indulged contrary to the will of God, and calculated to offend his purity! O merciful Father, for the sake of Jesus, my only

Saviour, pardon all my sins and cleanse my soul from the pollutions it has contracted during the past week, make me more sincere and earnest in my desires after holiness, give me right views of my own character, and enable me to be watchful over the exercises of my mind ; cleanse my thoughts, and may they ever be occupied in divine things. O prepare me, I beseech thee, for the Missionary work, for unless thou preparest me, all *my* preparations will be in vain. Give me enlarged views of the nature of thy kingdom, and more correct views of the means thou wilt use to fulfil all that thou hast said concerning it. In all things, O my Father, preserve me from falling, and in all things may I seek thy honour and glory, through Jesus Christ my dear Redeemer, who, with thee and the Holy Ghost, is alone worthy to receive all blessing and praise, both now and ever. Amen.

August 19th.

How rich are the consolations of the gospel, how suitable to the wants of the tried and afflicted believer ! One would scarcely suppose it possible that with such "exceeding great and precious promises" as are given to the Christian, his life could be any other than one continued scene of holy delight in the service of God, and a willing obedience to all his precepts. Alas, how different is my experience ! True it is, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man," but "then I find another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin." Thus it is I "groan, being burdened" with a burden, so heavy that it often hinders me in my heavenly race, and under which I should sometimes sink ; but for divine grace, stumble never to rise. Not only are promises given, but gracious helps are likewise offered. God is a very present help, he is so in himself, in his providence, in his ordi-

nances, and in the agency of his faithful ministers and disciples,—yet how difficult, by reason of the burden under which I groan, to derive assistance from any of them ! I see the holiness and purity of Jehovah, feel my own corruptions and the sinfulness of every thing I think, say, or do ; yet, though sensible of the dishonour I put upon God, of my ingratitude to Christ, and the numberless occasions wherein I grieve the Holy Spirit ; though I see clearly what the law of God, my Christian profession, and the love of my Saviour justly require, and not only so, but feel a strong, even a burning desire to glorify my God and Saviour in all I think, or say, or do, yet my case is so deplorable that I seem to have no power to move, and feel that if my eternal safety depended on one single exercise of faith or works I must certainly perish, so unequal am I to either. O my God and Saviour, quicken my soul, let these dry bones live, let thy Spirit dwell in this poor tabernacle of earth. O blessed Jesus, when wilt thou come unto me and ease me from

this burden? Thou hast invited me to come to thee, but so weak am I that I cannot take one step towards thee. Have mercy upon me, O my Saviour, pity my infirmities, speak the word only, and thy servant shall be healed. Do it for thine own name's sake. Amen.

The following meditation contains such an heartfelt confession of human frailty combined with an holy confidence in the Divine forbearance and mercy, that it may be profitable for the consideration of the most advanced Christian.

September 1st.

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.” How delightful to trace the leadings of providence! What a combination of merciful interpositions appears in my experience! What shall I render unto the Lord? Will he deign to accept an offering at my hands, sinful, guilty,

and polluted as I am? O amazing love, O wondrous grace! He demands that which is the cause of all my disquietude; he says, "My son, give me thine heart." Have I given my heart to God, and if not, why not? Have I given my heart to God? if so, why do the things of time appear so important, why the world so inviting and its vanities so alluring? Why is faith so weak, love so cold? Why are the affections so unsteady, and the mind so far from being habitually spiritual? Why do the corruptions of my nature burden my soul and confine it so much to earth? Would these things be if my heart were given to God? Do thou, gracious Saviour, decide. If it is not given to God, why not? Has he no right to demand it? Am I not under infinite obligations to him? Does it need no cleansing, purifying and sanctifying? Why then do I not comply with the demand? My heart is so hard—"I will take away the stony heart." It is so sinful—"I will give you a new heart." It is so insensible—"I will give you a heart of

flesh." Is this the language of my merciful Father? Can I then longer hesitate? Oh! but I have so often vowed and not paid—formed resolutions and have not fulfilled them—have so often in heart backslidden from God. Then return immediately, thou backsliding child, and "I will heal your backslidings." But thou wilt be angry with me—"I will love you freely;"—but—"But my loving kindness I will not take from thee, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Lord, I can hold out no longer, I confess thou only hast a right to my heart. To thee, O Lord, I surrender it to be moulded and fashioned according to the image of my adorable Redeemer's. O blessed Saviour, do thou strengthen me; O Holy Spirit, do thou be witness of this covenant, and take possession of my heart, fit it for thy temple, prepare it for the visits of my Saviour and my heavenly Father; make it sincere, devoted, faithful. Make me honest to myself, faithful to my brethren, devoted to my God. Humble me by enabling me to see my own deformity and

the beauty of the Lord. Purify me from my corruptions and my secret sins. Make me spiritually-minded while preparing for thy work, and when I have done thy work grant me an entrance into thine everlasting kingdom through the abundant mercy, the unfathomable love, the infinite merit of my God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Having resided in the Institution during the probationary season and fully justified the expectations of his friends, Mr. Milward was, on the 10th of September 1832, accepted as a candidate for missionary employment, to event which he alludes in his Journal in language which evidently flowed from a heart "led by the Spirit of God."

Tuesday, September 18, 1832.

An important period in my history, having been this day accepted as a candidate for missionary employment, by which I am called upon to give myself to God and to his holy work. O what unmerited honour ! Gracious

Father, thy mercies are infinite ! Blessed Saviour, thy love wins my soul ! O Holy Spirit, thy favour disarms me ! O blessed and glorious Trinity, thine abounding grace overwhelms me ! “What can I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me ?” Body, soul and spirit are his already ; what have I then to offer ? Nothing but my life, and that my Saviour has redeemed by his blood, and therefore is not mine. “Ye are bought with a price and therefore are not your own.” O blessed truth ! then I am thine, my Redeemer, and henceforth I will, by thy grace preventing me, regard myself as thy purchased property, and therefore all I am and have belong to thee. And now, Lord, I beseech thee to remember me ; enrich my soul with heavenly grace, endue my mind with spiritual understanding, and let my heart be filled with thy love. May I ever aim at perfect conformity to thy likeness and have a single eye to thy glory ! May my thoughts be sanctified, my words be pure, and my conduct agreeable to thy holy gospel.

A letter to the Editor, adverting to the same subject, breathes a similar spirit of humility and devotedness.

Islington, September 19th, 1832.

“I feel that I should be justly chargeable with ingratitude and forgetfulness of that affectionate interest you have taken in all that relates to my missionary views, were I not to adopt these means of entreating a continuance of your prayers on my behalf. Having completed the time allotted for my probationary studies, I was yesterday received by the committee as a candidate for missionary employment, and am permitted to prosecute those studies which under the Divine blessing will fit me for so sacred a work. Believing, my dear Sir, that you feel somewhat responsible for my conduct, you will not suppose me guilty of self-commendation, when for your satisfaction I state, that the terms in which the Committee expressed their approval were such, that had I not known more of the deceitfulness of my heart,

than restraining grace permits me to exhibit, I should have been tempted to regard myself with complacency ; but the very language of approval made me more inclined to adore the riches of Divine grace, which has hitherto kept me from falling. Believe me, dear friend, that nothing but gratitude to my blessed Saviour, whose I am and whom I desire to serve, leads me to make this communication, for I recognise in it an answer to your prayers, and those of my other Christian friends ; therefore 'Not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be the praise.' It will perhaps be scarcely necessary again to trouble you with my views of the holy work, in which I am about to engage. That these have undergone a change I readily and gratefully admit, but then it has been such a change as could not fail to spring from a more intimate acquaintance with myself, a deeper sense of my unworthiness, combined with a more exalted view of the missionary character, and of the self-denial, devotedness, purity, and spiritual-mindedness which are

required. Painful has been the discipline and deep the gloom, which for a season enveloped my soul, but all that has passed I feel to have been necessary, to empty me of myself and to lead me to that inexhaustible fulness which is treasured up in my Lord and Saviour. And here I must observe, that although I have discovered so much to mourn over, yet I bless God that impurity of motive or insincerity of purpose in seeking missionary employment, have not for a moment formed matter for the least reproach, but in my darkest hours I have been able to adopt the appeal of the Psalmist—‘Judge me, O Lord according to my righteousness, and according to mine integrity that is in me.’ Again I implore a continuance of your prayers, for I now regard myself in a new character, one which calls for a brighter exhibition of holiness, a more entire deadness to the world, and a more complete sanctification of spirit, than I have yet manifested.”

The progress which Mr. Milward made in the acquisition of knowledge was rapid, and his qualifications for the ministry having become apparent at an early period of his residence in the Institution, his studies were regulated with a view to his ordination, should it please the Lord to separate him for that holy office. The extracts from the journal are here resumed, and the attention of the youthful reader is especially directed to the profound self-abasement which marks the fervent appeals to the throne of grace.

Saturday Night, September 22nd.

Another week of labour has closed, and now, O my soul, prepare thyself for the enjoyment of the sacred rest; yet a little while and thou wilt be free from these interruptions to thy spiritual exercises, for in the rest that remains, thou wilt be always employed in praise. What has been thy experience during the past week? Hast thou had to mourn over the coldness of thy love, the barrenness of thy faith, and the unprofitable-

ness of thy life?—Pause to inquire. Well, what have been thy discoveries? Has the power of indwelling sin been lessened, the corruption of the heart more controlled, and hast thou been more decided in resisting the first rising of depravity? hast thou, in a word, become more conformed to the Divine will and transformed into the Divine image? Have thy views of the missionary work become more heavenly, and thy conceptions of the missionary character more exalted? Has thy dedication been more unreserved, and thy willingness to bear and suffer for Christ less constrained than before? Hast thou, in fact, learned to live less to thyself and more to God during the past week? If not, may God enable thee on the morrow, by the influence of his Holy Spirit, to seek at his hands all the grace and strength which thy wants need; and if thou canst give thy affirmation to all or any of the above questions, may thy glorified Lord and Saviour strengthen, establish, and settle thee for his own name's sake. Amen.

Saturday, October 6th, 1832.

My experience this week has changed from the lively affection of a son to the distant and respectful behaviour of a slave. I have been favoured with some new discoveries of my true character. Pride, envy, and maliciousness of disposition are secreted in the inner chambers of my heart. I have since my discovery of their existence, frequently detected them emerging from their concealment and, through grace, have been able to resist their advance. When shall I be pure even as my Saviour is pure? holy as he is holy, and exemplify his devotedness? I feel it so difficult to keep alive the holy flame of divine love. Worldly-mindedness, sensual thoughts and desires strive for the mastery, and shall they succeed? No; "for I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Blessed Saviour! and hast thou thus dealt with me? and shall I now doubt the certainty of obtaining a victory? No; I will, thy grace helping

me, renew my vows, put on afresh the armour thou hast provided for my defence, and in thy strength again contend with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Enable me, O my Saviour, to hold more intimate communion with thee. May prayer be the element in which I delight to live! Grant me more clear and simple views of thy great salvation. Show me more of my own condition as a sinner, my wants, my weaknesses, my constant need of divine aid; enable me to feel more sensible of the reality of divine things, rightly to estimate their importance, and regard it as the great object of my life to attain to more complete assimilation to thy divine will. For why should I, who am waiting to declare to the heathen the freeness and extent of thy love, be yet a child in the knowledge of thy will? "O send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me" even unto the full measure of the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. Amen.

Sunday, October 14th, 1832.

I have, during the past week, had a vast increase to my obligations to my heavenly Father. Last Sunday I was prevented, through severe indisposition, from attending the service of God in his temple. How merciful are the afflictive visitations of God! How necessary to remind us what we are, what we should be! How they discover to us that which we should not otherwise have imagined to have existed in our breasts, bring to our remembrance all the vows that have been forgotten, vows which we made in times of difficulty, but which in prosperity we neglected to pay! Grant, O blessed Father, that this light affliction may be sanctified to my soul. I am not worthy of thy notice or regard, yet look upon me with compassion, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Prepare me, by thy gracious discipline, for the missionary work. Let me discover what is my actuating principle, and if there is any wrong in me, do thou in mercy purge it out.

Let me know more of myself and more of my Saviour's love, and more of the Spirit's work in sanctifying and renewing my mind. Amen.

November 11th, 1832.

During the past week I have had abundant reason to admire and adore the long-suffering of my heavenly Father, for how unprofitable is my life, cold my zeal, imperfect my love ! Yet I am spared—and why ? O my soul, let this inquiry have a tendency to awaken thy dormant powers, to arouse thee from thy spiritual lethargy, and to make thee diligent in the improvement of those opportunities with which thy gracious Saviour furnishes thee. This week may be thy last. O let it be spent in the service of thy God. Let thy praise be cheerfully ascribed to thy Saviour and preserver. Let thy converse with God in prayer be more frequent, earnest, and simple than formerly. Be upon thy watch-tower, and diligently observe thy secret exercises of mind, thy thoughts, words and deeds. Bridle thy temper, curb thy lusts, and be

careful that thy spirit and manners exhibit the image of thy Saviour.

November 18th, 1832.

Look back, O my soul, and recount the mercies thou hast received during the past week. Why dost thou hesitate? Are they so few that thou canst not discover them? or, are they so many that thou canst not number them? Say, why art thou silent? Ah! thy task is too difficult; for to number them would exceed thy power. Well then, erect thy Ebenezer, this thou surely canst do, for "hitherto the Lord hath helped" thee. My experience during the past week has been a mixture of cloud and sunshine, with the former predominant, yet, "Why doth a living man complain?" It is the greatest mercy that even one ray should sparkle in my breast, for how much is mixed up with my Christian profession repugnant to evangelical purity and practical holiness! Pride of heart, carnality of affection, sensuality of desire, and but for the grace of God

my Saviour, sinful indulgence would increase the black catalogue. Surely "the long-suffering of God is salvation." May I prove it to be so in my deliverance from the state of soul imprisonment I have now for months endured! I trust brighter days will yet dawn; the bare thought of a possibility that my condition is irremediable would plunge me into despair; for how could I, who seem so dead, hope to be instrumental in imparting life to others? How could I, who feel so little love, speak rightly of the inexhaustible fulness of a Saviour's love? How could I, who am so insensible under an exhibition of mercy which excites the admiration of angels, expect that the hearts of others would be moved by my representations of its freeness and sufficiency? But do I seek deliverance? Do I beseech God with strong cryings and tears to impart new life and energy to my soul? Do I take care that my mouth does not offend? Do I keep my heart with all diligence? Are my desires ever towards the Lord? Alas! no; it is this that renders my

state so painful, that while I deplore my condition and perceive the remedy, so impotent and so foolish am I, that either I cannot reach out my hand to lay hold on the promises, or else I procrastinate. Lord, thou seest and knowest all things, thou knowest that I desire to love thee, to serve thee; yea, that I am willing to die, if by my death thy glory will be advanced, or the welfare of souls promoted. "Revive thy work in the midst of the years," O Lord, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Saturday, November 24th, 1832.

Mercies unnumbered have followed me during the past week, yet I remain the same lifeless and thankless being as before. My besetting sin I have discovered to be pride, which pervades all my thoughts, words and actions, and also prevents that brokenness of spirit which is the characteristic of a true penitent. God has, during the week, brought me to his footstool, and has forced me, even with tears, to seek his divine forgiveness;

but on looking back I fear that the tears were rather the tears of disappointed pride than of broken-hearted humility.

December 1st, 1832.

In retracing my steps during the past week I can discover abundant cause to rejoice in the mercy of my heavenly Father, who, notwithstanding my unworthiness has continued to me those temporal and spiritual blessings which my ingratitude and unprofitableness have long since forfeited. O my Father! thy goodness is indeed too much for one so prone to forget thee, and to abuse thy bounty. What am I that thou shouldst thus favour me?

I have this week again to mourn over my barrenness and want of love. Truly I may adopt the language of the prophet, and cry, "My leanness, my leanness." My heart appears to be a sink of iniquity, every species of corruption seems to be seated there. O! what would my friends think of me if the thoughts which have found a place in my heart

could become manifest in their sight? Yet God knows them all; and does he write down every fault? "O cleanse thou me from my secret faults." And do thou, O gracious Saviour, impart to my soul an enlarged measure of thy grace. In mercy pardon what thou hast seen in me inconsistent with the missionary character. Cause me to thirst more after holiness and to exhibit more of thy holy mind and character. Grant me the grace of true humility, and let not increased knowledge be accompanied with increased pride. Spiritualize my affections, and reign thou supreme in my heart for thy great name's sake. Amen—Amen.

December 8th, 1832.

Again, O my soul, record the tender mercies of thy God and Saviour in bringing thee to the close of another week. Have they not been far greater than thou hast deserved, and more numerous than thou couldst have expected? How hast thou received them and what return dost thou pro-

pose making for them? Blessed Father! I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies which thou daily conferrest on me, yet I would admire and adore thy amazing goodness in continuing to me those temporal blessings, and spiritual privileges, which my unprofitableness has long since rendered it but just that thou shouldst withhold. Thou knowest, my Saviour, the trials and temptations with which I am beset, thou knowest how weak I am and how prone I am to yield to things contrary to thy holy mind; do, therefore, for thy mercy's sake, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

Saturday, December 22nd, 1832.

Another week has passed away and I am so much nearer to the end of my race. What gratitude and praise do I owe thee, O my God and Saviour, for the unspeakable benefits thou hast conferred upon me! May my life be devoted to thy service, and my heart be given wholly to thee.

I have had reason to humble myself before the footstool of my heavenly Father for manifesting so little love, and feeling so little zeal for his glory. What have I done during the past week, for God? Alas! rather I should inquire what is there that I have not left undone? I have reason to humble myself for so unprofitable a life. How unlike those holy men whose meat it was to do his will! How would a Brainerd, a Martyn, a Buchanan, a Fisk, or a Parsons, regard my pretensions to the missionary character? If they decided from the evidences which my life affords of my sincerity and qualifications, I have no doubt they would feel it to be their duty to recommend an abandonment of my intentions. O how piercing to my soul would be such a decision! Life would then indeed be a burden. Not engage in the missionary work! bonds and imprisonment would be pleasure - compared with this. Not tell the heathen of my Saviour's love! O blessed Jesus, I am indeed unworthy of a work so holy, so heavenly. I truly deserve to be

cast away as a useless branch, yet for thy name's sake so dispose my heart, that in my studies and pursuits I may set thee and thy glory always before me, so that my affections, warmed by the flame of thy love, and my soul, quickened by the gracious influences of thy Spirit, I may become assimilated to thy divine image, have somewhat of thy humility, devotedness and self-denial, and thus be prepared by thy grace to enter upon thy work—when, where, and how thou shalt see fit to appoint.

The tender regard of Mr. Milward for her whom he esteemed as a mother was at this time called forth in a manner which at once proved his constancy of affection and decision of character. Although he had, when leaving his former occupation, made an arrangement that secured to his foster-mother an annual allowance till his expected departure from England, yet the fund which he had

appropriated to that purpose, had become exhausted by his prolonged residence at the Institution.* Under these circumstances he addressed the following letter to the Editor.

“ Islington, Dec. 29th, 1832.

“ Never did I feel greater need of the prayers of my friends than at the present moment, when, in addition to the temptations with which the adversary assails me, it has pleased my heavenly Father to try my faith in a way somewhat unexpected, but doubtless necessary to humble my proud nature, and to lay me prostrate at His footstool; and I trust that you will not consider that I am drawing too largely on your kindness, in at this time asking your advice and assistance. When I entered the Institution, I fully expected that ere this I should have left England, but it being the will of God

* He had not contemplated his appointment to a higher station than that of Catechist, when he was accepted by the Church Missionary Society.

that I should wait a longer season, a difficulty has arisen which I had not anticipated.

* * * * *

* * As it is not improbable that two years may elapse before I quit this country, and I have exhausted my own resources in contributing towards my mother's maintenance during the past year, there remains no alternative but her drawing on her little property for her support during my stay in England.* Although there is no sacrifice which I have made, or may be called upon to make, that would not still leave me unworthy of so holy and exalted a work as that to which I aspire, yet when I reflect how she, whom I am bound by the strongest ties of gratitude to love and reverence, will be situated, in consequence of my inability to afford her the accustomed aid, I cannot but feel anxious on her account. * *

* * * * *

Can you then assist me in so disposing of

* An annuity would have been granted to his mother on his departure from England.

my dear mother, that my anxiety may be removed? My own thoughts have been directed to an alms-house. Could you interest any of your friends in thus securing an asylum for my mother, when I am gone to tell the poor heathen that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners!" I now begin to feel the Missionary cross. May the Lord count me worthy to bear it."

A communication having been made to him, which entirely relieved his mind, was acknowledged in the subjoined reply.

"Islington, Jan. 3rd, 1833.

"I do not remember that I ever wrote under a deeper sense of my unworthiness than at present, for every new benefit my heavenly Father confers upon me seems to remind me, in an equal degree, of my past ingratitude. After having read your kind letter, I felt ashamed at having reposed so little confidence in Him, who has engaged to 'supply all my need,' more especially as

the missionary, of all other men, should be most remarkable for the simplicity of his faith, and the possession of that filial confidence which 'casteth out fear.' If foreboding care for a moment disturbed my repose on the good providence of my God, it was through a fear that some might think hardly of that Gospel which enforces the observance of those relative duties, of which, through an alteration in my circumstances, I was about to become neglectful; he, who would follow the Lord fully, must not be surprised if his motives should be questioned and his affection doubted, by those on whose minds the constraining principle of love to Christ has not yet operated; but while these things can be endured, that species of contempt, which the enemies of the cross are ever ready to pour on the children of God, awakens constant solicitude. The thought that such men evince greater natural affection, that they might regard my conduct as defective, and speak lightly of the Saviour whom I profess to serve; such a thought for

a time oppressed my mind, but I bless God that He has thus early acquainted me with the nature of the trials I am to expect in his service. None of these things therefore move me, for I feel not only willing to suffer, but also to die in the Missionary cause. Perhaps I have already written too much on this subject; but my heart is full, and I now cast myself on the mercy and love of my Saviour, praying that, in however questionable a light my conduct may be now regarded by men, it may some day appear that love to Him, and to the souls of the poor heathen, has alone influenced me. But I must close these remarks, lest I should become tedious; and while I express my sense of your kindness, I think I hear you directing me to the only source of all blessing and praise, and reminding me that every new instance of His love calls for renewed dedication to His service,—that I must cease from man, and trust only in the living God. May I profit by this thought, and may my body, soul, and spirit, be entirely consecrated to my Redeemer.”

The succeeding portions of the Journal represent the state of the author's mind immediately preceding, and subsequent to his partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and may tend to enliven the devotions of the young communicant at similar seasons.

Saturday Night, Feb. 2nd, 1833.

I have great reason to admire the long suffering of my blessed Saviour in thus bringing me to the close of another week. Look back, O my soul, and call to remembrance thy many transgressions. How lightly hast thou esteemed thy privileges! How much carnality and self-love hast thou exhibited! How little hast thou delighted to do thy heavenly Father's will! How cold have been thy prayers! How little hast thou desired to receive those things which thou hast asked for! Thou hast prayed to be delivered from the dominion of sin, and yet thou hast not watched against its first attacks. Humble thyself for thy many trans-

gressions in all thy attempts to glorify thy God and Saviour, and seek at his hands a truly penitent heart, so that thou mayest approach the table of thy Lord on the ensuing Sabbath, conscious of thine own unworthiness, and of the rich grace of thy Saviour who has provided the banquet. Oh, merciful Saviour, do thou manifest thyself unto my heart in breaking of bread, and grant that when partaking of the emblem of thy blessed body, I may obtain strength to do thy whole will, and when receiving the emblem of thy most precious blood, I may have my conscience sprinkled, and by its cleansing and purifying power purged from dead works to serve the living God. Amen.

Sunday Evening, Half-past Ten.

“Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.”* What considerations are here urged

* The text of the sermon he had heard that evening.

for the performance of a plain and bounden duty !

A humble frame of mind is of all others most adapted to the condition of a sinful creature, a dependent, ungrateful creature. All, and more than all these, am I, and yet a humble frame is one in which I am seldom found. My humility is more frequently the result of disappointed pride than of true poverty and penitence of spirit, on account of sin. I was permitted to approach the Lord's table this day, but felt no brokenness of spirit nor compunction of conscience on account of sin. I saw the Lord evidently crucified, yet so hard was my heart that no tears nor sighs expressed my sorrow that my sins should have produced sufferings and agonies so grievous and acute. I was enabled to pray for the strengthening of certain graces, and the extirpation of my many corrupt propensities, yet I cannot but fear that it was more from the inconvenience which the lack of the one, and the possession of the other, frequently occasion, than from a

simple and sincere desire of conformity to the image and will of my Saviour. O blessed Lord, do thou pardon my insincerity, and answer the prayers I have this day offered, not according to the earnestness of my desires, or the sense of my necessities, but according to thy riches in glory, thy mercy and thy love. Do it, O Lord, for thine own name's sake. Amen.

Mr. Milward adverts, in a letter dated March the 16th, to the great responsibility and privilege of being permitted to impart instruction to some poor persons in the neighbourhood in which he resided. "It is not," he remarked, "the expressing myself with grace and fluency, that will suffice for this work, but it is declaring the truth of God, from a heart subdued by its power and sanctified by its influence, from a heart constrained by a Saviour's love and instructed by his Spirit, from a heart animated by zeal for a Saviour's glory, and melting

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with compassion for perishing sinners, willing to crucify self, aiming only to exalt Christ and to save souls. Oh that my heart were in such a frame as this ! then might I venture to hope, that the Lord would enable me to speak His word, as I ought to speak it.*

In his Diary he alludes to the same subject, his mind being directed to the still more extensive field of missionary labour abroad.

Saturday, March 16th, 1833.

If God conferred his blessings out of regard to my readiness to acknowledge the boon, I fear He would withhold nearly all from me which he now so plentifully bestows. “ Not according to their deserts, but according to His mercy, He saved them.” As this was His manner of dealing towards Israel, so I feel it to be towards myself. Oh ! may I not, like them, harden my heart and forget the hand which sustains me, but may every renewed mercy produce corresponding feelings of gratitude and humility, and lead

me to rely more simply and constantly on my heavenly Benefactor ! This I feel to be a very important period in my history. I am now appointed, in the providence of God, to preach His Gospel. " Who is sufficient for these things ?" The responsibility of the office, the arduousness of the work, the wisdom, prudence, faith, and love which are necessary, the devotedness and purity of heart, the simplicity, singleness, and sincerity of purpose, which a teacher of others should possess, all appear in line before my eyes, and discover the nakedness and poverty of my soul. O blessed Jesus, who didst, of thine infinite love and mercy, snatch me as a brand from the burning, and didst incline my heart to feel for the miseries and wants of the poor heathen, and hast led me thus far on my way to the attainment of the desires which thou didst, I trust, first implant in my heart, now appear for my help, and in this duty, to which I have been called, let me ever keep near to thee, let thy Holy Spirit become especially my teacher,

and in every thing may I be regulated by His dictates ! Enlighten my mind. Open my eyes to see clearly the wonders of thy love and grace, the spotless purity of thy law, the complete ruin in which man lies by nature, the absolute necessity of belief in thy salvation as the only appointed means of the renovation of man, and all the doctrines and precepts which flow from these discoveries of thy person and work. O Lord ! do thou fit me. Anoint my lips, imbue my heart with thy love, and make me to feel like one, whose only aim is to glorify his Redeemer in the salvation of sinners. Amen.

No particular event is recorded in the Journal during the next few months, but the Editor is unwilling to deprive the reader of the gratification to be derived from the perusal of this portion of the Diary.

Sunday, March 24th, 1833.

O my Father and God! how great is that mercy with which thou hast regarded me during the past week! Why is it that I feel so unmoved by thy love? Is my mind still grovelling among the things of earth? Do I suffer my affections to settle on my studies, friends, or any creature? Do I encourage any vain hopes, or secretly cherish a favourite wish? Alas! my Saviour, before thee I must plead guilty; my heart would urge me to declare my innocence, but thou knowest all my ways, thou knowest my desires. I do desire to live only for thee. My life, and all I am and have, I would spend in thy service. O cleanse my heart, sanctify my spirit, enable me to crucify the flesh, and bring every thought into subjection to thyself. Be with me in the duties of the coming week. O my blessed Redeemer! do thou mercifully grant, that when attempting to speak for thee I may have thy presence, be constrained by thy love, and in-

structed by thy Spirit. O may I speak for eternity, and may they who hear, hear for eternity. Grant this for thy mercy's sake. Amen.

April 28th, 1833.

This day I have completed my twenty-fifth year. Gracious God! how vast have been the mercies which have followed me from infancy to the present time! I am, indeed, a monument of thy goodness. From my earliest years I can recall instances of thy special care. Childhood, boyhood, youth, and manhood, are all impressed with unnumbered marks of thy love and mercy. When I reflect on the various leadings of thy providence, and trace the steps which have brought me thus far, O my blessed and merciful God and Saviour! what can I think? what can I say? what can I do? Thou knowest my heart, thou knowest that it is now so full, that it cannot utter even the feeblest expressions of gratitude. Thou knowest that it even aches by reason of the

various feelings to which it is now subject. Hear its cries, though unexpressed, accept its purposes, and may its determination of making a complete surrender of itself to thee be strengthened by thy grace, and be daily brought into holy exercise by reason of abundant supplies of help which thou, O my Saviour, wilt afford. What awaits me during the coming year I know not. I may be permitted before its close to enter the Missionary field. I may be allowed to remain a longer season in this place. Whatever be thy will concerning me, O my merciful Father, to that would I desire to submit. I can trust thee with all my affairs, into thy hands I commit them all, do with me what thou wilt.

May 25th, 1833.

O Lord, look upon me in mercy, and turn not thy face from a poor penitent prodigal. "Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But, oh, be so far merciful to me as to make me as

one of thy hired servants. Oh, how great are thy mercies towards me! Continually grant, blessed Saviour, that what I have heard this night from our dear Principal, may never be erased from my memory, but may it be ever before my eyes, wherever I go! May the character, which he drew of what a Missionary ought to be, go with me! I confess, with heartfelt sorrow, I have too frequently sinned in this. May I so order myself for the future, that I may oppose successfully those incitements to sin which meet me on every side. Do thou order my speech, bridle my tongue, keep my heart, strengthen my soul, and, by thy continual grace, assist me in my preparation for thy work, for thy great name and mercy's sake. Amen.

July 14th, 1833.

Once more, O Lord, thou hast enabled me to overcome my sluggishness, and to record thy dealings with me. I am, indeed, unworthy, but thou dost still follow me with

thy goodness. What can I render unto thee? Oh, my blessed Redeemer, I would fain present myself for thy acceptance: this I have done once already this day. Lord, may I ever remember that thy vows are upon me. Oh, let me experience thy continual presence during the ensuing week. Lord, thou knowest what need I have of thy aid; my heart is hard and insensible, my affections are unsettled, my desires are groveling, and the corruptions which cling to my nature are constantly threatening to gain the mastery. Help, Lord, subdue this depraved will of mine, and bring every thought into subjection to thyself. Oh, fill my heart with love. Let me possess more simplicity and honesty of purpose. Discover to me my true character. Lord, thou knowest how lifeless I now am. Why is it so? Oh, quicken my soul in prayer. Pour out upon me the spirit of grace and supplication, and grant that I may be in the Spirit all the day long, that I may watch unto prayer. Lord, help me for thy mercy's sake. Amen. Amen.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 15th, 1833.

I have, this evening, been looking over my Diary. What great reason have I to admire the long-suffering of my heavenly Father in sparing one who has been so long a cumberer of the ground! Confessions of sin, promises of amendment, resolutions formed and resolutions broken, vows made but never paid, occupy a prominent place in my Diary, and then, when I look into my heart, and observe its condition even with my partial eyes, how amazing that I should be thus spared! Hast thou designs of mercy towards me, gracious Saviour? Oh, let the beams of thy love dart into my heart and rekindle the sacred flame, the symbol of thy presence! Thou hast prevented me with the blessings of goodness during our vacation; thou permittedst me to go a distance from home, and to return in safety; so didst thou bless the season of relaxation, that my health is established, and my strength recruited; and now that I have recom-

menced my studies, I would desire to do so simply with a view to the promoting thy glory in the redemption of souls. I would feel humbled at the little progress I have as yet made. Pardon my past unfaithfulness, and may I, in every study, engage, as in thy presence and service. Let me not be proud of any thing which I may learn, but may I ever be a learner, especially of thee, my heavenly and adorable Teacher. In my intercourse with my brethren, may I evince more humility and love, and less of worldly-mindedness. May our conversations be seasoned with salt. O blessed Saviour, when I think of my dear brethren and of the relation we bear to each other, there are many things I could ask for them and myself. Thou knowest what they need, in mercy bestow it on them. And thou knowest what I need, how ignorant I am, and how unacquainted with myself. Lord, let me know myself and thee, and, by thy Spirit, fill my soul with holy longings after conformity to thine image in meekness, chastity, zeal, love, obe-

dience, self-denial, and a complete surrender of myself to thy service. Accept me, gracious Saviour and Lord, for thy mercy's sake. Amen.

I would charge myself to be more frequent at my Diary.

September 21st, 1833.

To the close of another Sabbath hast thou been brought. O my soul, look back and see how thy path has been bestrewed with blessings. Temporal blessings have been bestowed, and spiritual privileges have not been denied thee. How dost thou feel? Art thou grateful to thy heavenly Benefactor? and dost thou burn with desire to utter forth his praises? Give vent to thy feelings, and let thy song extol the love of thy merciful Redeemer. Forgive the insensibility I have exhibited while loaded with benefits, and let thy love and pity pass over the many occasions on which I have been unmindful of thee. Hear the prayers I have

this day offered, pardon the sins I have committed. Let thy grace uphold me during the coming week,—O let thy Spirit guide me,—let me not engage in any thing, but what shall have reference to the great work, and let me have an abiding conviction of thy presence in all I do. Lord! undertake for me, for thy name's sake. Amen.

Mr. Milward continued to pursue his studies at Islington with unremitting diligence, beloved by his fellow-students, and possessing the confidence of his superiors. The only passing cloud that occasionally overshadowed the prospect before him, was the anticipation of the effect that his departure from England might produce upon the mind of her who had watched over his early years, and to whose comfort he had subsequently been permitted so essentially to minister. He had indeed made particular allusion to that subject in a conversation with the

Editor, who four days afterwards received the following affecting letter, informing him of the sudden removal of the apparently sole impediment to his cheerful entrance on Missionary labour.

"Islington, October 23rd, 1838."

"I left my dear mother on Saturday evening in comparatively good health, promising to see her again on Wednesday, by her own particular desire, but, alas! she became ill at five on Sunday morning, and expired shortly after twelve o'clock the same night. I was not present, nor did I hear of her death till the following morning, for, expecting my promised visit, she had forbidden my brothers acquainting me with her illness. This, dear Sir, is a severe stroke; and although I know that it comes from a Father's hand, I find it difficult to submit. I sorrow, yet not without hope. Of her happiness I feel not a doubt, she loved her Saviour, and desired that all belonging to her might know and love Him also. She was indeed a true-

ther to me. Religious instruction I received
 from her in my earliest childhood ; Watts's
 Hymns and First Catechism I learnt from
 her lips. No more shall I have the benefit
 of her counsel. I loved her, and was be-
 loved by her. I grieve lest the thought of
 losing me might have preyed on her spirits !
 But now she knows all, and methinks would
 urge me onward in that work from which
 she would once almost have dissuaded me.
 These thoughts comfort me, and yet I
 mourn. I will not murmur, but will en-
 deavour to submit, as I know my heavenly
 Father does all things well. I have deserved
 this chastening ! I have been slumbering.
 May this visitation arouse me, and lead me
 to a more unreserved dedication of myself
 to the service of my God. I feel, my dear
 friend, that I need not request your prayers.
 I believe that I have them at all times. May
 I ask them for my brothers ? O that God
 would make the death of their mother the
 means of spiritual life to them ! I can add
 no more—my heart is full. Pray, dear Sir,

that I may submit, and patiently endure all that my heavenly Father lays upon me."

In this afflictive dispensation, how much was the Divine chastening tempered with mercy! Not only was the mind of George Milward now more exclusively devoted to the great work, to which he believed himself called, but the removal of his aged parent from this world spared her a trial of a far more overwhelming nature than any she had anticipated. In how many of the events of life, which for a season seem dark and incomprehensible, does the Lord speak to his people as he did to Peter—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter!"

The opening year found the subject of this memoir devoutly engaged in preparation for the approaching Ordination, and reference to the Journal will show how ardent was his desire to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry. "Pray for me," was his request in a letter to a friend at this

season, "that in the step I am about to take, I may have singleness of heart and simplicity of purpose. It is not for great things I pray or hope, my prayer is that I may be found faithful."

January 12th, 1834.

The mercies which my heavenly Father has vouchsafed to me during the past week have been so distinguished, that I cannot but record my grateful remembrance of them. Troubled on every side, and anxious, my mind has been wonderfully supported, and I have been enabled to repose in confidence on the goodness of my God, believing that He would undertake for me. O merciful Father, I desire to remember thy continued love to me. Oh let me never forget thy mercy, or doubt thy readiness and willingness to aid me. Especially at this time look upon me. Thou hast brought me thus far on my journey, and what thou hast in reserve for me thou knowest. If it be agreeable to thy will that I should enter the sa-

cred ministry, prepare me, gracious Father, for that great work. Lord Jesus, do thou appear for me, by thy Spirit assist me in my studies, let them be begun, continued, and ended in thee. Oh may thy glory be ever before me. Blessed Spirit, enlighten my mind, grant me a right judgment in all things. Refresh my soul with communications of my Saviour's love. Let my Spirit be sanctified by thee, and let all irregular and sinful propensities be wholly extirpated from my heart. Oh be with me at all times, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

February 2nd, 1834.

I would record the continued mercy and love of my heavenly Father. Oh that my heart were so enlarged that its every desire were towards God. On Friday last was the anniversary of the Institution. Our dear Principal expounded the 31st of Ezekiel, and affectionately exhorted us to make a rededication of ourselves to God. I felt my heart humbled on looking back, and could

not but pray my merciful Lord and Saviour to spare me another year. In prayer I experienced great brokenness of spirit, only desiring to be the Lord's. How mysterious His dealings with me! My dear mother gone! But I have a High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of my infirmities, though I have, now that my beloved mother is removed, no longer a sympathizing friend on earth, yet, in heaven I have. Blessed Saviour, I would be thine. Take thou me for thine own. Be thou my all. None other do I desire beside thee. Oh do thou, by thine Almighty grace, transform me in the renewing of my mind. Amen.

April 28th, 1834.

This day I completed my 26th year, and I have been looking over my Diary since my last birth-day. My soul, dost thou not feel humbled at the retrospect? Thy heavenly Father has dealt very kindly with thee; mercies unnumbered have been thy portion, but yet thou hast made but little progress

in the Divine life. Chastisements have not been withholden, evidences of thy Father's love, who, rather than thou shouldest become a castaway, has not spared the rod. Yet thou art pursuing thy journey heavenward sluggishly. Awake from thy slumbers, repent of thy sin, lest the next stroke of thy Father's hand make thee smart. O my heavenly Father, what can I render unto thee for all thy mercies? Thy chastisements have been mercies, Oh may they be sanctified. Let not my hard heart become still more hard, but may the signal tokens of thy love win my soul to thee. This night I re-dedicate myself to thee. I present myself, my body, soul, and spirit, a living, a rational sacrifice to thee. Accept, through the merits of my Redeemer, the oblation, and let it be a whole burnt-offering unto the Lord. I desire life only that I may spend it in thy service. Gracious Father! at this time especially look upon me. Within a month I expect to be admitted into the holy office of Deacon. What am I that thou shouldest thus dis-

tinguish me, the most unworthy of thy creatures! truly I may cry, "My leanness, my leanness." Touch, blessed Spirit, my lips with a live coal from off the altar, and anoint my heart with thy holy unction. Thus may I be prepared, O my Saviour, for thy service, and, through thy rich grace, remain faithful to the same even unto death, that at last I may receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away, which thou, of thy merey, wilt bestow in the great day on all thy faithful servants. To thee, O Lord, I commend myself during the year upon which I have entered. Oh! that I may live to thee! I look forward and tremble. My frailty and proneness to wander, lead me to prostrate myself at thy footstool, and there plead thy promise, never to leave those who trust in thee. "Lord! I trust in thee, let me never be confounded."

And

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During Mr. Milward's preparation for the ministry, his studies were in some degree

impeded by severe illness, from the effects of which he never recovered. Notwithstanding the great bodily debility, occasioned by the influenza, his active mind soon resumed, with its accustomed ardour, the consideration of those sacred subjects, which increased in interest as the season of Ordination approached. His distrust of self and firm dependence on the Divine aid are strongly manifested in the two following letters, which describe the progress and successful termination of his examination.

" Church Missionary College,"

May 22nd, 1834.

" I have just received your very affectionate note, which has greatly refreshed my soul. I believed that you were thinking of me at this time, and it was only because I did not wish that you should feel undue anxiety on my account, that I omitted informing you of the commencement of my examination, two days of which have now passed. The Lord has been most merciful

to me; surely I can say, that He has not failed His unworthy servant of all that He hath promised. Whatever may be the issue of the examination, I know that I am in His hands, and that He will do all things well. Yesterday I underwent a *viva voce* examination by the Bishop. His Lordship was very kind, and I have every reason to hope was satisfied with my answers. I cannot express what I felt. My heart was ready to break out in grateful acknowledgments to my heavenly Father, whose love has been so signally manifested, in giving me strength and wisdom on this important occasion. Never was I more sensible of my own nothingness. All is of God! to Him be the glory. You will believe that my heart has been frequently encouraged by the consideration that my beloved minister remembered me in his prayers, of which may I ask a continuance?"

*“ Church Missionary College,
May 23rd, 1834.*

“ The examination has closed, and on Sunday next I am to be admitted into the ministry of Christ’s holy gospel. What am I that I should be thus favoured? I am nothing; and I think, dear Sir, that God purposes to magnify in me the riches of His grace, in selecting a vessel so vile to contain the heavenly treasure. Truly the excellency of the power *does* belong to God. Believe me, that in proportion as the great and distinguished love of God has been manifested in thus calling me to the ministry, so have my own unworthiness and leanness been discovered to me; and when I contemplate the responsibility of the ministerial office, I can in some degree understand the apostle’s inquiry—‘ Who is sufficient for these things?’ But so gracious has my blessed Redeemer been to me, that having brought me thus far, I believe that He will by His grace continue to preserve me unto the end. Oh! my dear

Sir, if you will permit me to name one point on which I would especially beg your prayers, it is that I may be faithful—faithful even unto death. I must, however, close, as I have at present little time, and my heart is so full, that I could fill a volume in magnifying the grace of God my Saviour. I write to inform you with certainty of that of which I could before only speak with hope, not that I ever doubted, for the Lord had given me, when on a bed of sickness, and throughout the examination, such a sweet assurance of his gracious purpose concerning me, that a doubt never for a moment entered my mind. Truly the Lord is faithful.”

On the 25th of May Mr. Milward was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral. Although there is no allusion to that event in the Journal, which seems to have been prematurely closed in

April, yet has the recollection of various conversations left the most pleasing impression upon the minds of those friends to whom he communicated his views of the ministerial character and office, and fully can they testify, that his heart's desire was to disclaim self, and exalt the Saviour, to "do all to the glory of God."

The great mental exertion which Mr. Milward had undergone, during a season of much bodily weakness, having rendered it expedient for him to change the air, he removed from Islington, in the month of June, to Somersetshire, in which county it pleased God that he should commence and terminate the public duties of his ministry. His strength being in a short time partially restored, he gladly availed himself of an opportunity that was afforded him of officiating in the parish of B——, in which church, and in that of a neighbouring parish, he preached on several successive Sabbaths. The notes of sermons found among his papers, contain brief but striking observations on the texts of Scrip-

ture which he then expounded, and it appears that the last discourse which he delivered was especially blessed to one of the congregation, as will be perceived by the following extract of a letter from a clergyman in Somersetshire, received by one of the students at the Missionary Institution, after Mr. Milward's decease.

“ It will be gratifying to you to hear that there is every reason to hope that our departed friend's ministerial labours at B—— were not unattended with success. Not only has there been an evidently beneficial impression produced on the minds of many of the parishioners, but an abiding conviction has, it is believed, been wrought in the heart of one who was till then a notorious sinner, by our dear brother's last sermon from the second chapter of Hebrews and the third verse—‘ How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?’ It is of course at present impossible to speak decidedly upon such a subject, but up to the present time no man can have given a better evidence of a scrip-

tural repentance than the person to whom I have referred."

Towards the end of September Mr. Milward returned to Islington, far from having derived the anticipated advantage from his residence in the country, his very countenance indicating the existence of some deeply-rooted disease, and his general appearance exciting among his friends those apprehensions that were too shortly realized.

On the 1st of October he was seized with paralysis, and on the succeeding day the violence of the disorder, which resisted the most powerful medicines, prepared his anxious friends for that event, which their fervent prayers, offered in submission to the Divine will, were not permitted to avert. On the 5th he became speechless and insensible, in which distressing state he continued till the morning of the 7th, when his spirit, freed from the burden of the flesh, entered into that "rest which remaineth to the people of God." Although his mind had become enfeebled in the early stage of the disease, yet

did the broken sentences which he occasionally uttered, whilst the power of speech remained, chiefly allude to that blessed word which had been "a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path," and from which he had in former hours of affliction derived such strong consolation. The death-bed of this holy man is an instance which may be added to the many on record, that it is not to the last hours of the expiring saint, so much as to the whole tenor of his life, that we should look for the evidence of his faith. It doubtless mitigates the grief of surrounding friends, when the departing Christian is permitted with his latest breath to bear testimony to the Saviour's love, but when such privilege is denied, not less certain is the assurance of the Scriptures that death approaches the believer disarmed of its sting, and is only the dissolution of that earthly tabernacle which has prevented the immortal soul the full enjoyment of free and uninterrupted communion with God.

At the request of those whom he had re-

garded as his brothers, the mortal remains of George Milward were removed to Poplar Churchyard, and deposited in the grave of their mother, the greater part of the students of the Church Missionary Institution voluntarily attending the funeral, and paying that last tribute of respect to the memory of their esteemed friend.

The following notice of Mr. Milward's death is extracted from the last Annual Report of the Church Missionary Society. After having adverted to the decease of a student who had died at Basle, the Principal of the Institution at Islington thus speaks of another student who "breathed his last within the walls of that seminary, which he had adorned during the whole course of his education by eminent piety, and an exemplary discharge of all his duties. With excellent natural endowments, and with all the improvement that several years of diligent study will produce in a strong and reflecting mind, he gave promise of becoming a superior workman in the Missionary service, and

was anticipating a speedy departure to the destined sphere of his labours. But Divine wisdom saw fit to call him to his rest, before he was allowed to put his sickle into the foreign harvest. The friends of the Society cannot but deplore his loss, but they will learn with pleasure and thankfulness, that even in the narrow sphere assigned to his domestic exertions, he was owned of God ; and that our seminary has benefited, and will, it is hoped, continue to benefit, by his singularly bright example, either witnessed or remembered." *

Thus early and suddenly has been removed from this world one whose piety, talent, energy, and stability of character had caused his friends to look forward to his entrance on Missionary employment with no common degree of interest. But " my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." According to human foresight, George Milward had become eminently qualified for the arduous labours of a

* See Thirty-fifth Annual Report, page 49.

Missionary to the heathen ; but according to “ the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,” he was “ meet to be an immediate partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.” For others is reserved the honour of preaching among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ ;” to him has been earlier assigned the higher honour of “ seeing the King in his beauty ;”—to him has been already addressed that gracious welcome, “ Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” The abominable idolatries of the heathen vex not his righteous soul, since the pure worship of the true God is alone known in that “ good land which he has gone over to possess,” where, “ with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect,” he ascribes salvation to the Lamb, and awaits in holy expectation the coming of that day, when the Son shall receive “ the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.” And shall not the loss, which the Church of Christ has sustained on earth, be

yet supplied? Shall there not be found among our youth, those whom the Lord shall send forth as labourers into the fields, which “are white already to harvest?” As in the early days of the gospel dispensation, the martyrdom of one Christian was the signal to others immediately to avow their faith in the Lord Jesus, and be “baptized for the dead,”—so let the sudden removal of that servant, whom God has taken unto Himself, be regarded as a voice from Heaven, which while graciously saying to the departed, “Come up hither!” thus forcibly appeals to the living, “Who will go for us?” May the ready and cheerful obedience of many reply, “Here am I, send me!” And let Christian parents encourage such holy zeal. Parental authority is not exercised to restrain the rising generation from engaging in the service of their country when the exigencies of the state are proclaimed?—No,—from the family of the prince to that of the peasant, is the camp rapidly recruited; and they are accounted the most honourable who are ear-

liest in the ranks and foremost in the field. Lend, then, your children to the Lord, Christian parents ; dedicate to this His special service those in whose hearts the Holy Spirit has implanted a fervent desire to obey that divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature." And if the self-denying Missionary forsakes all for Christ's sake, does not his maintenance become the incumbent duty of the church at home ? Not unseasonable, therefore, is the invitation given to the reader, at the close of this little volume, to contribute his prayers, his pecuniary aid, and personal exertions, in furtherance of that sacred cause, to which the Missionary devotes his labour and his life.

Often has the attention of the Christian public been directed to the foreign operations of the Church Missionary Society, whose successful progress abroad has been doubtless traced, under the blessing of God, to the efficiency of its various departments at home. The sketch that has been presented of the

Missionary under preparation, will, it is hoped, have tended to increase the favourable impression so justly formed of the Society's domestic proceedings; and it will be indeed a source of gratification to the Editor, if the perusal of the preceding pages shall induce a more particular consideration of the claims of the Missionary, when exhausted by labour, or enfeebled by age, he reluctantly retires from the more active service of his Master; or when removed from this world, he leaves an aged parent, a bereft widow, or fatherless children, to deplore his loss. It was to that disciple whom Jesus loved, that the dying Saviour confided the weeping Mary,—“Behold thy mother!”—it is to the care of those disciples whom Jesus “has loved, and washed from their sins in his own blood,” that he now commends the suffering and afflicted members of his church,—“Behold thy mother and thy brethren!”

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